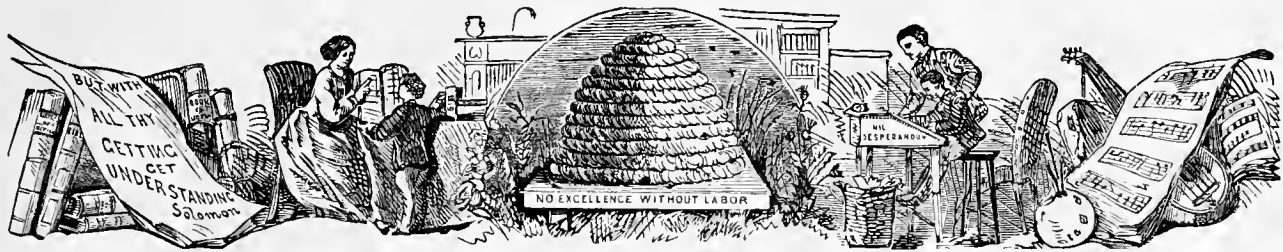


THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



VOL. 9.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1874.

NO. 22.

GREEKS.

THE people of Greece have been known to history upwards of two thousand years; and the memory of their orators, poets, and law-givers will be long cherished. But the country, once the most powerful under Alexander the Great and his successors, is now reduced in strength, wealth, and influence to one of the least among the countries of Europe. Its rise and decline form a most important chapter in the history of the world.

In person the Greek is well formed, and is of fine, upright bearing. He is active, and of graceful manner. In the towns he dresses very much like the French or English; but in the country parts his national holiday dress generally consists of a bright colored velvet or silk



jacket, braided with gold; a white kilt or apron hangs from his waist; leggings match the tint of the jacket; a sash or leather belt hangs loosely down, in which are two or three pistols and a knife; a broad white collar is neatly turned down on his neck; and over all is a richly braided cloak. A red cap with blue tassel adorns his head; while his flowing hair falls gracefully over the shoulders, and is very plain in style. All Greeks wear a mustache or tuft of hair on the upper lip.

The women have black eyes, and their dark eyebrows are made, if possible, still darker by the rubbing in of lead ore. When young they are of handsome countenance, but their beauty declines so rapidly, that at about

twenty-five years of age they look old, and become very plain. Greek females are no better than servants in a household, and wives do not take their place as the equals of their husbands. They engage in weaving nearly all the day long; and in the evening, like their mothers in olden times, they go forth with their pitchers to the well.

In families of humble position, the cap of a young girl is adorned with gold and silver coins, which are to form the principal part of her marriage portion; and it is her effort to increase her value by adding to it all the money she can obtain by gift or by labor. This appears to us a strange custom, but, no doubt, many of our customs seem equally odd to the women of Greece.

Greek girls receive little or no education; but that of boys is now carefully attended to, as it was in former times. One of their ancient poets has given us a description of the school as it was even before his time:—

"Now will I sketch the ancient plan of training,
When justice was in vogue, and wisdom flourished.
First, modesty restrained the youthful voice,
So that no brawl was heard. In order ranged,
The boys from all the neighborhood appeared,
Marching to school, ill-clothed, though down the sky
Tumbled the flaky snow, like flour from sieve.
Arrived, and seated wide apart, the master
First taught them how to chant Athena's praise,
'Pallas unconquered,' 'stormer of cities,' or
'Shout far resounding,' in the self-same notes
Their fathers learned. And if through mere conceit
Some innovation-hunter strained his throat,
. Quickly the scourge
Rained on his shoulders blows like hail, as one
Plotting the Muses' downfall. In the Palestra
Custom required them decently to sit,
Decently to rise, smoothing the sanded floor
Lest any traces of their forms should linger
Unightly on the dust. When in the bath,
Grave was their manner, their behavior chaste.
At table, too, no stimulating dishes,
Snatched from their elders, such as fish or anis,
Parsley, or radishes, or thrushes."

The houses of the poorer classes are of rough stones, or of a mixture of straw and mud. The inside is generally only one room, with raised benches at the side for sleeping berths; and they contain few articles of furniture. There are no glass windows, but in a warm and dry country this want is of no great consequence, as the people can sleep out of doors for more than six months in the year. In every Greek house there is a picture of a saint or martyr, on the wall, with a small lamp burning before it; and in front of this the family say their daily prayers.

A crust of bread, a cup of cold water, and a few olives, are all they eat on a fast-day; and as there are two or three fast-days in a week, the expense of living is very small. Even the higher ranks have animal food only once a week. Greeks are a sober people, and the vice of drunkenness is hardly known among them. They are very quick and clever; and a lad will learn a difficult trade in a few months. It is not uncommon for a young man to acquire five or six languages, and that with great ease.

It is very unsafe traveling in this country, especially in the mountains, as there are many brigands, or robbers who lie in ambush in the roads. Large rewards are offered for their capture, alive or dead.

This people are the adherents of what is known as the Greek Church. They reject the authority of the Pope of

Rome, abhor the worship of images, though the walls of their churches are covered with pictures of saints. They are a very superstitious race, and resort, as did their forefathers, to sacred groves and wells for purposes of devotion. But the Bible is permitted to be freely circulated, and a love of knowledge is displayed by the young.

In many parts the country is covered with the ruins of once populous cities and famous temples. The traveler, as he passes through places now fallen into decay, as Corinth and other cities celebrated in sacred history, is reminded of the times when Greece was in the height of its glory, and when the apostles of Christ preached in its streets.

But of all places in Greece the city of Athens specially claims our notice. It was in ancient times renowned for its splendid temples, and for the numerous gods that were there worshiped. When St. Paul visited the city he beheld it full of idols, and "his spirit was stirred within him." In passing along the public way, he saw an altar inscribed, "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD,"—a sad acknowledgment of the ignorance of the people. The only true God was the only God to them unknown. Moved by a sight of their folly and sin, he preached to them daily in the synagogues and market-places. But certain of the philosophers said, "What will this babblers say?" and others, "He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods." They then led him to the top of Mars' Hill, where the whole city was spread out to his view. And there he preached to them "Jesus and the resurrection," and of the day when God will by Jesus Christ "judge the world in righteousness." When the wise men heard of the "resurrection of the dead," some mocked; others said We will hear thee again of this matter. Howbeit certain men and women clave unto him, and believed."

Greece which was once the leading nation of the earth has become a very weak power. Rome, also, once the mistress of the world, and the power to which the then known nations paid tribute, is almost without influence. Her empire has passed away. When the apostles preached in Greece and Rome the people of those lands little imagined that the power and glory of which they were so proud would pass away. They thought, as the people of the United States and England and Scandinavia and other lands now think, that their dominion would continue for a long period, and perhaps forever. But every nation, to whom the gospel is preached and who will not receive it, must go down and perish. Its power must pass away. And all the nations of Europe, if they reject the gospel, will pass away like Greece and Rome, and the authority which they wield will be transferred to others. So also with our own nation: its rejection of the gospel will call down the displeasure of the Almighty upon it, and the power will be taken from those who now wield it.

BEING sociable requires something more than ceaseless chattering. It requires the culture and expression in all proper and helpful ways of those thoughts and sentiments which are unselfish, generous, sympathetic and human. It means a pervading interest in others and the general good. It means the lively commerce of mind with mind, and communication of heart with heart, by listening as well as by speaking; by large receptivity as well as generous giving.

THINK naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands make mountains, minutes make the year;
Trifles are life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you learn to live.

THE ROE.

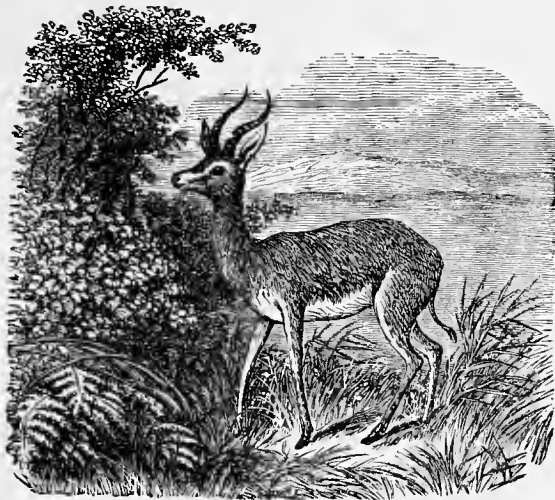
"As light of foot as a wild roe."—2 SAMUEL ii. 18.

THE wild roe is often mentioned in the Bible, and is the same as the Arab gazelle. You would like to see it, children. It is a most gentle, timid, and beautiful creature, and has eyes so dark and lovely, that a great many poets have written about them. One of these poets, when speaking about somebody who was very beautiful, said:—

"Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on those of the gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well."

The wild roe is at home, not only in the desert and on the plains, but even on the tops of rugged hills and high mountains. It runs most lightly and gracefully along, and so very fast that, in the Bible, the best runners are compared to it. We are told that Asahel, the brother of Joab, "was as light of foot as a wild roe." And in 1 Chronicles xii. 8, we read that some of the mighty men who came to David to help him in his wars, had faces as bold as the faces of lions, and they "were as swift as the roes upon the mountains."

The hind that is so often spoken of in the Bible is the female of the roe or roebuck. It runs quite as lightly and swiftly as the roe. They both dash along at so wonderful a



speed over the plains and up the mountains, that when they reach the heights, it is impossible to follow and catch them. That is why David says, in Psalm xviii. 33, "He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and setteth me upon my high places."

David, you know, had a great many enemies. He says, in one of his Psalms, that they came around him like a swarm of bees to sting him, but God delivered him from them all, and made him as safe as a hind that has got away from the hunters and their dogs, and has reached the tops of the high mountains.

The prophet Habakkuk also says, "The Lord is my strength, and He will make my feet like hinds' feet, and He will make me to walk upon mine high places." And if we trust in God shall we not be able to say the same?

These lovely animals are found in great numbers in Palestine, or the holy land. They go in small herds in all parts of the country; but in the south, as many as a hundred are often seen together dashing over the desert plains, and leaping from hill to hill!

The Arabs are very fond of their flesh, and they constantly hunt them, sometimes with dogs alone, but often with both greyhound and falcon. I dare say you have heard of the falcon

before. It used to be trained in England to bring down the hawk. The Arabs teach it to dash at the head of the gazelle; and this so teases and annoys the poor hunted animal, that it cannot run as swiftly as usual, and so the hunter overtakes it, and catches it. But when the gazelle is pursued by dogs alone, it very often gets out of the way. You know it says in Proverbs vi. 5, "Deliver thyself as a roe from the hands of the hunter."

The roe and hind are often mentioned in the Song of Solomon, on account of their swiftness, grace and beauty. It says, "Be thou like to a roe, or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices."

ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

NEAR the close of the sixteenth century, a young Scotsman traveled on the Continent, who possessed such wonderful proficiency in science, literature and gentlemanly accomplishments, that he acquired the name of "Admirable Crichton." He is reputed to have been acquainted with twelve languages, to have mastered the whole circle of the sciences, to have been an accomplished orator, and to have possessed extraordinary skill in painting, drawing, riding, fencing, dancing, singing, and playing on musical instruments. In addition to all these marvelous accomplishments, he possessed remarkable strength, and in physical beauty was a new Adonis. In the use of the sword or spear he was unapproachable. At Paris he is said to have entered a tournament and won all the honors; and, later, to have highly distinguished himself during his two years' service in the civil wars of France. According to Sir Thomas Urquhart's romantic narrative, he rendered himself very conspicuous by his valiant encounter with a fierce Italian gentleman, who had recently slain three antagonists. Crichton is said to have challenged this redoubtable champion, and, after many efforts of skill, to have conquered him.

When in his twenty-third year, Crichton was invited or attracted to the court of Mantua, and was soon after appointed by the duke tutor to his son, Vincenzo Gonzaga. Here his brilliant career was brought to an untimely end. When he was one evening walking with his lute in his hand, he was unexpectedly assailed by three persons, and, drawing his sword, he pressed upon them with such skill and resolution, that the principal aggressor was impelled by his fears to discover himself to be young Gonzaga. Crichton fell upon his knees, and entreated forgiveness for an act which evidently inferred no guilt, when the dissolute prince instantly pierced him through the body, and terminated the existence of one of the most remarkable young men of the era to which he belonged. This act of base ferocity was perpetrated by the Prince of Mantua on the 3rd of July, 1583, when Crichton had nearly completed the twenty-third year of his age, and a belief still prevails in Italy that the calamities which shortly after befell the house of Gonzaga were judgments of the Almighty for that foul murder.

A CHEERFUL VIEW OF THINGS.—"How dismal you look!" said a bucket to its companion, as they were going to the well.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for, let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty."

"Dear me! How strange to look at it in that way," said the other bucket. "Now I enjoy the thought that however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am."

ARCHIMEDES.

THIS celebrated philosopher of antiquity was a native of Syracuse in Sicily, and is supposed to have been born about two hundred and eighty years before the commencement of the Christian era.

In proof of Archimedes' knowledge of the doctrines of specific gravities, a singular fact is related in Vitruvius. Hiero, king of Syracuse, suspecting that in making a golden crown which he had ordered, the workmen had stolen part of the gold, and substituted in its stead an equal weight of silver. He applied to Archimedes, entreating him to exercise his ingenuity in detecting the fraud. Contemplating the subject one day as he was in the bath, it occurred to him that he displaced a quantity of water equal to the bulk of his own body. Quitting the bath with that eager and impetuous delight which a new discovery naturally excites in an inquisitive mind, he ran naked into the street, crying, "Eureka! Eureka!" (I have found it out! I have found it out!) Procuring a mass of gold and another of silver, each of equal weight with the crown, he observed the quantity of fluid which each displaced, successively, upon being inserted in the same vessel full of water; he then observed how much water was displaced by the crown; and, upon comparing this quantity with each of the former, soon learned the proportions of silver and gold in the crown.

In mechanics and optics the inventive powers of Archimedes were astonishing. He said, with apparent, but only apparent, extravagance, "Give me a place to stand upon, and I will move the earth;" for he perfectly understood the doctrine of the lever, and well knew, that, theoretically, the greatest weight may be moved by the smallest power. To show Hiero the wonderful effect of mechanic powers, he is said, by the help of ropes and pulleys, to have drawn towards him, with perfect ease, a galley which lay on shore, manned and loaded. But the grand proofs of his skill were given during the siege of Syracuse by Marcellus. Whether the vessels of the besiegers approached near the walls of the city, or kept at a considerable distance, Archimedes found means to annoy them. When they ventured closely under the rampart raised on the side towards the sea, he, by means of long and vast beams, probably hung in the form of a lever, struck with prodigious force upon the galleys, and sunk them; or by means of grappling hooks at the remote extremity of other levers, he caught up the vessels into the air, and dashed them to pieces against the walls or the projecting rocks. When the enemy kept at a greater distance, Archimedes made use of machines, by which he threw from behind the walls stones in vast masses, or great numbers, which shattered and demolished the ships or the machines employed in the siege. This mathematical Briareus, as Marcellus jestingly called him, employed his hundred arms with astonishing effect. His mechanical genius was the informing soul of the besieged city; and his powerful weapons struck the astonished Romans with terror. One, in particular, consisting of a mirror, by which he concentrated the rays of the sun upon the besieging vessels and set them on fire, must have produced an extraordinary expression upon those who suffered from it, seeing that it was of so wonderful a character as to be thought a fiction by subsequent ages, until its reality was proved by the repetition of the experiment. Buffon contrived and made a burning-glass, composed of about four hundred glass planes, each six inches square, so placed as to form a concave mirror, capable of melting silver at the distance of fifty feet, and of lead and tin at the distance of one hundred and twenty feet, and of setting fire to wood at the distance of

two hundred feet; and the story of Archimedes' instrument for burning ships at a great distance was no longer ridiculed.

Eminent as Archimedes was for his skill and invention in mechanics, his chief excellence, perhaps, lay in the rare talent which he possessed of investigating abstract truths, and in inventing conclusive demonstrations in the higher branches of pure geometry. If we are to credit the representation of Plutarch, he looked upon mechanic inventions as far inferior in value to those intellectual speculations which terminate in simple truth, and carry with them irresistible conviction. Of his success in these lucubrations, the world is still in possession of admirable proofs in the geometrical treatises which he left behind him. Of the unremitting ardor with which he devoted himself to mathematical studies, and the deep attention with which he pursued them, his memoirs afford striking and interesting examples. It is related of him, that he was often so totally absorbed in mathematical speculations, as to neglect his meals and care of his person. At the bath he would frequently draw geometrical figures in the ashes, or, when, according to the custom, he was anointed, upon his own body. He was so much delighted with the discovery of the ratio between the sphere and the containing cylinder, that, passing over all his mechanic inventions, as a memorial of this discovery, he requested his friends to place upon his tomb a cylinder, containing a sphere, with an inscription expressing the proportion which the containing solid bears to the contained.

No sincere admirer of scientific merit will read without painful regret, that when Syracuse, after all the defense which philosophy had afforded it, was taken by storm, and given up to the sword, notwithstanding the liberal exception which Marcellus had made in favor of Archimedes, by giving orders that his house and his person should be held sacred, at a moment when this great man was so intent upon some mathematical speculation as not to perceive that the city was taken, and even when, according to Cicero, he was actually drawing a geometrical figure upon the sand, an ignorant barbarian, in the person of a Roman soldier, without allowing him the satisfaction of completing the solution of his problem, ran him through the body. This event, so disgraceful to the Roman character and to human nature, happened two hundred and twelve years before Christ. It was a poor compensation for the insult offered by this action to science in the person of one of her most favored sons, that Marcellus, in the midst of his triumphal laurels, lamented the fate of Archimedes, and, taking upon himself the charge of his funeral, protected and honored his relations. The disgrace was in some measure cancelled, when Cicero, a hundred and forty years afterwards, paid homage to his forgotten tomb. "During my questorship," says this illustrious Roman, "I diligently sought to discover the sepulchre of Archimedes, which the Syracusans had totally neglected, and suffered to be grown over with thorns and briers. Recollecting some verses, said to be inscribed upon the tomb, which mentioned that on the top was placed a sphere with a cylinder. I looked round me upon every object at the Agragentine Gate, the common receptacle of the dead. At last I observed a little column which just rose above the thorns, upon which was placed the figure of a sphere and cylinder. This, said I, to the Syracusan nobles who were with me, this must, I think, be what I am seeking. Several persons were immediately employed to clear away the weeds and lay open the spot. As soon as a passage was opened, we drew near, and found on the opposite base the inscription, with nearly half the latter part of the verses worn away. Thus would this most famous, and formerly most learned city of Greece, have

remained a stranger to the tomb of one of its most ingenious citizens, had it not been discovered by a man of Arpinum.—
Eminent Mechanics.

AFRICAN CUSTOMS.

THERE are many curious things about these people besides their dress. Their houses have walls of clay or reeds, and sharp-pointed roofs of straw. The furniture consists mainly of wooden platters and stools, which are colored black by long burial in the mud, and their only light is a burning pine knot.

Before the house is usually a post, on which are hung the trophies of the hunt, such as horns of antelopes, skulls of animals and men, and, horrible to say, dried hands and feet. These proclaim to the world how great a warrior is the owner, and, in part, answer the purposes that fine houses and clothes do with us.

When a Niam-Niam pays a visit to his neighbor, he carries his own stool to sit on, and when he goes into mourning for a friend he shaves his head, and scatters the precious braids, twists and puffs to the wind, which certainly shows sincere grief on his part.

When two friends meet they do not shake hands, but they join their middle fingers in such a way that the joints crack, while they nod at each other, more as if in disgust—as it looks to a white man—than in friendly greeting.

If they find a hollow tree in which wild bees have laid up honey, they at once smoke the bees stupid, and eat honey, wax, bees, and all. Indeed they eat things we would not like. The children in some parts of Africa eat rats and field-mice, which they catch by means of baskets woven in the form of long tubes. They are laid flat on the ground, near the mouse holes, and then the little savages begin a great stamping, shouting, and slapping of hands. The poor little animals are frightened, and run into the traps for safety, and are easily taken. They are then tied by the tails in bunches of a dozen or so, as you have seen children tie cherries, and bartered with each other as choice morsels. Sometimes they use them as bait to catch cats—roast cat being a favorite dish. They build small huts of twisted reeds, put the mice in, and cats are attracted to the trap, of course.

The grown people feast on still stranger diet—such as the bodies of their enemies killed in battle, elephant meat dried till it looks like a log of wood, dogs and the termites, or white ants, of which you may have read, and whose immense cone-shaped houses are so common in Africa.

No important thing is done without consulting certain signs to see if it will be successful. Some of these are very curious. One is to put a few drops of water on a smooth topped stool, then take a smooth block and rub it across the stool as though to plane it off. If the block moves easily the sign is good; if hard, the sign is bad.

Another is to dose some unfortunate hen with a certain greasy liquid. If she dies the sign is bad; if she gets well it is good.

But the hens are not the only sufferers. Another way to try one's luck is to seize a wretched cock, duck him under water many times till he is stiff and senseless, and then leave him alone. The fate is decided by his recovering or dying. The guilt of any one accused or suspected of crime is tried in the same way, and no one dreams of suspecting one whose signs have shown favorably.

To protect themselves from the danger and loss of fires, they provide no fire-engines and insurance companies, but hang an

amulet—made for those who are Mohammedans—of a few verses of the Khoran, or Mohammedan bible, wrapped in skin, over the door, which must be admitted is a much simpler and cheaper way than ours.

If a horse or donkey is ill he is dosed with raw pork, but a human being has for medicine a few verses of the Khoran, made soft in water.—
St. Nicholas.

MANUFACTORY OF THE GOBELINS.

AMONG the curiosities of Paris, is a manufacture of tapestry, which is sustained as a sort of plaything by the nation. It is called the manufactory of the Gobelines, from the name of the dyers who commenced the work in ancient times, and established here their dye-house for coloring their worsted yarns, with which the pieces of tapestry were wrought. The most beautiful paintings are placed as patterns by the tapestry weavers, who rival the Chinese in fidelity and exactness of imitation. An artist of spirit who may have the genius to design and finish a piece of painting on canvas, could hardly be brought to spend one and often two years, in copying the same picture by inserting small bits of colored worsted, particle by particle, by means of the slow and tedious labors of the loom. Tapestry weaving must remain an imitative art instead of one that can confer honor on an artist for any originality, or bold touches of genius in the art of designing. Even at the moderate wages paid the workmen here, the cost of a single sheet of tapestry frequently exceeds \$1,400, and several years are required to complete it. So bright, vivid, and well blended are the colors of the worsted thread, that few persons at the distance of three or four yards would suppose them to be the product of the loom. The frame that contains the extended warp, is placed in a perpendicular position, and the workman is seated behind the frame; carefully arranged by his side, are hundreds of little bobbins of worsted, of every imaginable color, the shades of which are so well blended and approximated to each other, that one can hardly tell where one terminates or another begins. These bobbins he skillfully selects and holds near the picture which he is copying to compare the tints. Thread by thread he proceeds, and after satisfying himself in the selection of the color, he inserts a piece of worsted yarn, perhaps in some spots not longer than one eighth of an inch, using the bobbin itself instead of a shuttle, to pass the worsted filling in and out between the threads of the warp. After effecting this operation, he breaks off the yarn and crowds it in between the thread and the warp, by the teeth of a comb. He then seeks again for another tint to correspond with the picture before him. The warp or chain is composed of white woolen threads, and the weft, of all shades of colors that are prepared on the easel of the painter. The threads of the warp are not opened by means of treadles, or harness to allow the filling to be shot between them, as is common in weaving; nor is a slate or reed employed to press down or close the threads of the weft, after it is drawn in among the threads of the warp; but the artist uses for this purpose only a sort of a comb, the teeth of which, after every operation of inserting a little piece of yarn, are employed to press it down and close it together in the work. It is so delicately composed that the outlines show no angular uneven edges; the surface of the tapestry being nearly as smooth and close as that of the oil painting from which it is copied. This establishment is supported at the national charge; the sheets of tapestry are used as ornaments of the royal palaces, and as royal gifts.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1874.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



HY is it that people, calling themselves Latter-day Saints, are so fond of reading the low, trashy newspapers published in the United States? We learn from Brother James Dwyer, of this city, who deals in papers, books and stationery, that during the year 1873, his newspaper list amounted to *thirteen thousand per month*, and the larger portion of these were what are called "story" papers, and were taken by Latter-day Saints, so-called. At the present time he sells *every week* four hundred copies of the *New York Ledger*, also about three hundred copies of the *New York Weekly*, and as many of a paper called *Saturday Night*. The purchasers of these papers are principally Latter-day Saints, very few people who do not belong to the Church buying them! This is the business done at one establishment only.

Is not this astonishing? But this is not all. Brother Dwyer informs us that he could increase these sales immensely if he chose to do so. Some days, he says, he refuses subscriptions by the dozen for this class of papers! The popular taste among the Latter-day Saints seems to be altogether in favor of the lying narratives published in these sheets. Many of these stories, though false in every particular, have not even the merit of being well told. They rank among the lowest writing in our language, and no person of taste, even though addicted to novel reading, can peruse them without being disgusted. Reading novels of the best character is attended with but little profit, and frequently with direct injury; but the wide circulation of these "story" papers speaks very badly for the judgment and taste of the community who buy them.

There are a number of magazines published in the East. Many of them contain stories; but they also contain much valuable reading matter. Out of one hundred and fifty of *Harper's*, sold every month by Brother Dwyer, *twelve only* are taken by Latter-day Saints; the remainder are sold to non-Mormons. Out of seventy-five copies of *Scribner's*, *six only* are taken by Latter-day Saints; and other leading magazines are sold in the same way. The same may be said of books containing valuable information. The people of American Fork alone have purchased more books in four months at Brother Dwyer's store than the people of Salt Lake City have in *one year*.

From the above facts it will be seen that the imported reading matter which is most widely circulated among the Latter-day Saints is that which is of the least value and most hurtful. It is the reading matter which is principally read by the low and vulgar in the States. This speaks badly for us. If we must read works of fiction, pains should at least be taken to select the best kind. The thoughts of people who read will be colored by their reading. Novels, stories, and works of that kind appeal strongly to the imagination. The imagination is inflamed by them. They have the same effect upon the mind

that liquor and wine have upon the body. But if a man were determined to drink liquor, and could not be induced to desist from its use, would it not be better for him to drink the best kind than to drink the miserable, drugged stuff that is frequently called liquor? So with reading: We protest against novel reading in all its forms. We say that for children it is especially hurtful. But if people will read works of this kind, let them at least choose the best, and not buy such trash as the "story" papers of which so many are sold.

IT affords us much pleasure to be enabled to announce that we have secured the promise, from Elders John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff, of a series of missionary sketches for the forthcoming volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. This announcement will be gratifying to all our subscribers; for from their rich and varied experience they will be able to relate many incidents which will be of exceeding interest to all, both young and old, and from which valuable lessons of faith can be gained. Besides these, we are promised articles from the pens of other Elders of experience.

Elder George M. Ottinger, who wrote the very interesting narrative for the INSTRUCTOR, entitled "A Boy's Voyage Around the World," conceived the idea some years ago of devoting himself to the painting of the ruins and the scenery of Central America, a field entirely new, that no other artist had touched, and that gave promise of very satisfactory results artistically. To fully prepare himself to do justice to these studies which he had marked out for himself, he determined to investigate the antiquities of that interesting region. In pursuing his investigations he was astonished at the immense amount of information there was to be gained by the perusal of the many works written by Spanish, English and American authors upon this subject; and was especially pleased to find that from them the strongest and most complete proofs could be obtained of the authenticity of the Book of Mormon. As he read he made a large collection of notes, and we have obtained the promise from him of a series of articles upon this subject for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, written in a style that will be adapted to the comprehension of all our readers.

This will be a very valuable feature in our next volume, and should be an additional inducement for our friends everywhere throughout the Territory to subscribe for Volume Ten.

In addition to Elder A. Bruce Taylor, who is our traveling agent in the settlements south of this city, and for whom we bespeak the kind and cordial aid of our friends in the settlements which he will visit, we have secured the services of Elder Thos. Morrell, Sen., as traveling agent in Cache Valley. He will visit all the settlements of that County and do all in his power to extend the subscription for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to every family, and in which efforts we trust he will receive the active co-operation of our friends in Cache.

UNDER the Act of Congress passed at the last session of that body, and which is to go into effect on the first of January next, the rate of postage for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for one year will be from seven to ten cents on each volume sent through the mails. Under the present regulations this amount must be prepaid by the publisher. This is a small amount to pay for one paper, but when it has to be paid on a large number it amounts to a large sum. In enlarging the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR at the beginning of the present volume this item was not taken into consideration. As it amounts to about five per cent. of the price received for a subscription, it will be readily seen that it falls heavily on the publisher, and where

the price is cut down as low as it can be before, comes in to make a loss.

We have thought that this explanation is due to the publisher of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and now that it is made, the people will at once perceive the propriety of the agents asking, and of themselves paying, the small amount necessary to prepay the postage.

SINCE the middle of the summer we have been unable to issue the INSTRUCTOR exactly according to date, and doubtless many of the subscribers have felt some disappointment at not receiving the paper always at the time they expected it. We owe them an apology for this and probably ought to have offered it before now. To meet the demand for the song books for the grand Jubilee held in the New Tabernacle of this City, on the 24th of July, we were under the necessity of issuing three editions of the work within a short space of time, which so broke in to our regular order of work that we had to fall behind a little in our issue of the INSTRUCTOR. A number of causes have combined to prevent us from regaining the time lost as yet, but we hope to do so before the close of the year. The INSTRUCTOR, of course, contains no news, and does not become stale if not read when newly issued, and we therefore hope for the indulgence of our patrons in this case, and shall endeavor to issue according to date in the future.

If, through any mistake at our office, any of our subscribers fail to get their full complement of numbers, we shall be glad to have them advise us of the fact, when we will immediately forward their missing numbers.

ONE of the most elegant and complete works of its class that we have seen is "HILL'S MANUAL OF SOCIAL AND BUSINESS FORMS." The amount of information which it contains is very great and varied. It is a guide to correct writing, and furnishes forms by which thought can be written plainly, rapidly, elegantly and correctly in social and business life. To enable our readers to form an idea of its contents, we quote from its title page: "It embraces 'instruction and examples in penmanship, spelling, use of capital letters, punctuation, composition, writing for the press, proof-reading, notes of invitation, cards, commercial forms, legal business forms, family records, synonyms, short-hand writing, duties of secretaries, parliamentary rules, sign writing, epitaphs, engravers' inscriptions, brush marking, job printing, postal regulations, writing poetry, etc., etc.'" The book is very elegantly printed and bound, and would be an ornament to any library. Brother Jas. England, of Plain City, Weber Co., has the agency for the sale of this book in this Territory, and is canvassing for it.

Our Museum.

INDIAN POTTERY AND RELICS.

LONG ago there lived upon this continent races of men that have perished. We read about some of them in the Book of Mormon. The present Indians are descendants of some of these ancient races. It is not quite certain that the remains of works of art that are found in these valleys were made by the Nephites, but still they are interesting as early evidences of the civilization of by-gone ages, of which, perhaps, they are the only authentic memorials.

Among other things preserved in our Museum, are vases, jugs, bowls, and other utensils, made of potter's-ware. Some are quite equal to things of the same kind found in Central America and other parts of the country. By examination of some fragments of ware it is apparent that the potter's wheel was in use here; ware was also painted and glazed. As to the figures and colors, they would show some acquaintance with works of art made in Asia, if we may judge by the resemblance to similar work done there in ancient times. One bowl, found by a clever little girl in one of our settlements, and rescued from destruction, is painted in imitation of the tessellated pavement of the ancients; another found at Santa Clara is shaped, figured and colored like the old Egyptian ware; another has a collet shaped like some of the old Etruscan ware. Some of the more common jugs have evidently been molded inside of basket-work and then burned, as they retain the form of the basket; others have been made by hand and carved while soft, so as to imitate the basket-work. Some vessels have been large enough to hold several gallons, with handles to them; one of this kind had originally a spout somewhat like that of a tea-kettle. One square dish has been shaped at the corners so as to make it convenient to pour out its contents readily; this is colored black, red and yellow, the figure at the bottom of the inside being a rude representation of a flower of singular but regular shape. It appears that in olden times pottery must have been very abundant, and some of it very beautiful, judging by the fragments. One specimen of glaze taken from some old pottery shows that it was made with lead and embellished with gilt work. Spoons are also shown here, but they appear to have been made of potsherds, or fragments of pots, very likely by modern Indians. Letter tablets are also seen, bored through one end so as to be suspended by a string, perhaps for ornaments. Handles of vases and jugs have been found in this city, some of which show considerable ability; some fragments from the mounds west of Jordan are very skillfully and even elegantly shaped. Of course other specimens will be found, and, it is to be hoped they will be preserved, so that we may be able to learn more and more about the Indians of the past.

Then there are mills made of granite, trachyte and other hard rocks, with rubbers, made of equally hard substances, for pulverizing the various seeds that were used for food. One large mill nearly two feet long and a foot thick is worn half through with rubbing. Some mills are made of red sandstone, almost as hard as flint. Great knowledge of the various rocks must have been attained to by the ancients, for they are little changed by exposure to weather, perhaps for centuries. There are also pestles and mortars, for which like care has been taken in selecting suitable stones. The same may be said of hammers that were used. As to arrow-heads made of stone, great ingenuity has been used in making them, and advantage taken by the manufacturer of the peculiar cleavage of the different substances used. Knives, scrapers, chisels, tools for dressing skins, and many other specimens of early tools, ornaments in beads, earrings, tablets, charms, bookkins, shells, beads, pipes of clay, slate and rock, and quite a number of other curiosities pertaining to the Indians of the past are preserved, about which a great many things may be said at some future time, in connection with the manners and customs of the former inhabitants of these valleys.

THE light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus, seen plainest when all around is dark.

MORE ABOUT WRENS.

Of all the motherly little gentry prominent in bird circles, none find a more cordial entrance into our hearts than those famous musical trillers, the wrens. Their life seems a perpetual song. All manner of pleasant privileges are gladly accorded them, and no country home seems quite complete unless their merry twitterings are heard, as flitting in and out, eyeing with curious interest and confidence the ways and manners of their neighbors of the human household, they devote themselves to the charge of their own quaintly constructed habitations. If they are fortunate in finding a foundation already laid, they are not slow in accepting the situation provided, and with busy thrift complete the snug home, and deposit the small white eggs, sometimes half a dozen, often ten. These measure seven lines and a half in length, by six lines in in breadth. What a crowded, busy home!

A line is the twelfth part of an inch.

This family of feathered friends are burdened with a long, inharmonious, scientific name—*Troglodytes*—but it expresses a pretty shyness for which they are noted; strictly, “a diver into caves.” Wrens have a decided fancy for building in retired corners, in crevices and niches, removed from prying curiosity. Themselves so hidden, they fancy they are not observed, but their glad songs reveal the secret. It was so at the Briar farm one summer not long ago. The merry couple hopped about, never knowing the interest their coming had excited, or how their flittings were watched to note where they would build and rear their brood. After much peering about in odd cor-

ners, an old hat, one that Tim, the gardener, had tossed to the wall, was spied out, and directly there was a deep consultation. It had been caught by a depending branch and at once offered unusual attractions; crushed and crumpled as it was, it proved to them a most charming country home. It so chanced that a branch, blown by heavy early winds, had cast about the old gray felt its wealth of twigs, and when the leaves unfolded, lo! there was an arbor fit for a fairy queen. The happy pair flew and out, making ready for summer cares, and not many

weeks passed by before the birdlings were rejoicing in the breath of spring. Snuggly they cuddled up together on their bed of feathers, hungry enough and devouring all the dainty bits that both father and mother could supply. When this little company had quite grown up, they took wing on their own account, traveling to see the sights, and the old folks at home re-upholstered and prepared for a second brood, who in turn looked out upon the world and in due time sang their own love songs and ministered to their own nestlings.

When winter comes it is not unusual to find small companies of wrens socially gathered in one nest, trying to keep each other warm. It is

supposed that they may be one summer's family, and usually that would count up to a score or more. Considerable chattering and flurry accompany their night arrangements, and even after they are fairly settled, one and another, with a droll assumption of care, will peep out from the nest door to see if all is right, a sort of self-constituted night-police.

The entire length of the wren is sometimes less than four inches, and Mamma Wren is a trifle smaller than her liege-lord. In color a rich reddish-brown prevails, lighter somewhat



on the under surface of the body, and again darkening into dusker hues upon the quill feathers on the wing and tail. Bars of reddish-brown spots ornament both wings and tail. The legs, toes, and claws are light brown. The beak is rather slender, slightly curved and pointed. In their structures wrens always try to build a dome-like home. Their architectural designs are, however, almost always modified by the selection of place and material at hand, but they instinctively arrange to shield the family from rain, and secure protection from enemies. A side or elevated entrance is an essential in their plans.

There is no winter in their hearts; even when the frosty days come on, they have songs of gladness; good cheer and a hearty content, is the burden of their daily carol.

TRAINING UP A BOY.

ADVICE TO PARENTS—IRONICAL.

HAVE you a boy from five to eight years old? If so, it is a matter of the greatest importance that you train him up aright. Teach him from the start that he can't run across the floor, whoop, chase around the back yard, or use up a few nails or boards to make carts or boats. If you let him chase around he'll wear out shoes and clothes, and nails and boards cost money.

Train him to control his appetite. Give him the smallest piece of pie; the bone end of the steak; the small potatoe, and keep the butter knife out of his reach. By teaching him to curb his appetite you can keep him in good humor. Boys are always good humored when hunger gnaws at their stomachs. If he happens to break a dish, thrash him for it; that will mend the dish and teach him a lesson at the same time.

If you happen to notice that your boy's shoes are wearing out, take down the rod and give him a peeling. These shoes were purchased only ten months ago, and though you have worn out two pairs of boots during that time, the boy has no right to be so hard on shoes. By giving him a sound thrashing you will prevent the shoes from wearing out.

When you want your boy to go on an errand, you should state it, and add:

"Now, see here, Henry, I want you to go as you can, and if you are gone more than five minutes, . . . cut the hide off your back."

He will recognize the necessity of haste, and hurry up. You could not do the errand yourself inside of fifteen minutes, but he is not to know that. If you want him to pile wood, the way to address him is thus:

"Now, see here, Henry, I want every stick of that wood piled up before noon. If I come home and find you haven't done it, I'll lick you till you can't stand up!"

It is more than a boy of his size can do in a whole day; but you are not to blame that he is not thirteen years old instead of eight.

If you hear that any one in the neighborhood has broken a window, stolen fruit, or unhinged a gate, be sure that it was your boy. If he denies it, take down the rod, and tell him you will thrash him to death if he doesn't "own up," but you will spare him if he does. He will own up to a lie to get out of a thrashing, and then you can talk to him about the fate of liars and bad boys, and end by saying:

"Go to bed, now, and in the morning I'll attend to your case."

If you take him to meeting and he looks around, kicks the seat or smiles at some boy acquaintance, thrash him the moment you get home. He ought to have been listening to

the sermon. If he sees all the other boys going to the circus, and wants fifteen cents to take him in, tell him what awful wicked things circuses are; how they demoralize boys, how he ought to be thrashed for even seeing the procession go by; and then when he's sound asleep, do you sneak off, pay half a dollar to go in, and come home astonished at the menagerie and pleased with the wonderful gymnastic feats.

Keep your boy steadily at school, have work for him every holiday; thrash him if he wants to go fishing; restrain his desire for skates, kites and marbles; rout him out at daylight, cold or hot; cuff his ears for asking questions; make his clothes out of your cast-off garments, and you will have the satisfaction, when old and gray-headed, of knowing that you would have trained up a useful member of society had he not died just as he was getting well broken in.—*Selected.*

WANTED A GUN.

OVER fifty years ago, a youth, working on a farm, asked his father to give him money enough to buy a gun. The old man could not spare it; but the boy, nothing daunted, found an old piece of iron about the place, and in the course of time contrived to make a gunbarrel out of it, with the very meagre facilities afforded by a country blacksmith's shop. He had not the materials to make a lock and stock, so he walked to the nearest town and traded for the necessary attachments, and was encouraged by the smith for having made so good a shooter. This gave him ambition to make another; so he went to cutting out grindstones from the native rock to raise the money for gun materials, and in a short time there was a considerable demand for guns of his make. During the French war with Prussia he was called upon to furnish guns for the army, and in less than eight months he made and delivered to the government of France, rifles of a particular pattern, costing \$5,000,000, which amount was duly paid. The same man furnishes rifles now for the United States, South America, Rome, Spain, Egypt, and Japan. The farmer's boy who wanted a gun is Eliphalet Remington, of Ilion, N. Y. His manufactory covers four acres of ground, and he employs 1,200 men. Not satisfied with this achievement, he has recently completed a sewing machine, which is reported to represent the latest and most perfect advance in the improvements of this important adjunct of domestic economy. This is the type of a boy who, when there is not a way, makes a way for himself.

WITHOUT AN ENEMY.—Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by having to please everybody. If such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad of it—not that one should be going through the world trying to find beams to knock and thump his poor head against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting and clawing, and crowding all who differ with him. That, again, is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinions—so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the colors of theirs. Wear your own coat in spite of winds and weather, storms and sunshines. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle, and twist, that it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

No man can truly feel for the poor without feeling in his pocket.

Questions and Answers

ON THE BIBLE.

BOOK OF JUDGES.

LESSON LXXIV.

- Q.—What book comes after the Book of Joshua?
 A.—The Book of Judges.
 Q.—How many of the tribes went up to war against the Canaanites?
 A.—Two.
 Q.—Which were they?
 A.—The tribes of Judah and Simeon.
 Q.—What was the name of the people they destroyed with the Canaanites?
 A.—The Perizzites.
 Q.—What was the name of the king that fled?
 A.—Adoni-bezek.
 Q.—What did they do to Adoni-bezek after they pursued him and captured him?
 A.—They cut off his thumbs and his great toes.
 Q.—What did Adoni-bezek say when they did this to him?
 A.—“As I have done, so God has requited me.”
 Q.—Why did he say this?
 A.—Because he had cut off the thumbs and great toes of many kings.
 Q.—How large a number?
 A.—Three score and ten.
 Q.—What did these kings do after having their thumbs and great toes cut off?
 A.—They gathered meat under the table of Adoni-bezek.
 Q.—Where did they take Adoni-bezek?
 A.—To Jerusalem.
 Q.—What happened to him there?
 A.—He died.
 Q.—How long did the children of Israel serve the Lord?
 A.—All the days of the elders that outlived Joshua.
 Q.—Why were these elders faithful and obedient?
 A.—Because they had seen all the great works of the Lord that he did for Israel.
 Q.—What did the next generation do that had not known these things?
 A.—They did not live in the sight of the Lord.
 Q.—What did they do to displease the Lord?
 A.—They forsook the Lord God of their fathers, and followed the gods of the people round about them.
 Q.—What did the Lord do in his anger against them?
 A.—He delivered them into the hands of spoilers and sold them to their enemies round about.
 Q.—When Israel repented and cried unto the Lord, what did He do?
 A.—He raised up judges from time to time.
 Q.—For what reason were the Philistines and other nations suffered to remain?
 A.—That through them the Lord might prove Israel, whether they would keep His commandments.
 Q.—Who was it that delivered Israel from the king of Mesopotamia?
 A.—Othniel, Caleb's nephew.
 Q.—What is said came upon him?
 A.—The Spirit of the Lord.
 Q.—What did he then do?
 A.—He judged Israel, and went out to war.
 Q.—How long did the land have rest?
 A.—Forty years.
 Q.—Who delivered Israel from Eglon the king of Moab?
 A.—Ehud, the son of Gera, a Benjamite.
 Q.—Who delivered Israel from the Philistines?
 A.—Samson.

Questions and Answers

ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

REIGN OF THE JUDGES.

LESSON LXXIV.

- Q.—Where did Lamoni and Ammon go after the meeting with Lamoni's father?
 A.—They proceeded toward the land of Middoni.
 Q.—Were they successful in procuring the liberty of Ammon's brethren?
 A.—Yes, they were immediately liberated.
 Q.—What were Ammon's feelings when he saw his brethren?
 A.—He was exceedingly sorrowful.
 Q.—Why was this?
 A.—They were naked and were sore through being bound with cords.
 Q.—Did they murmur because they were thus treated?
 A.—No; they were patient in all their afflictions.
 Q.—After Ammon and his brethren separated on the borders of the land where did Aaron go?
 A.—He went to the land called Jerusalem.
 Q.—What was the name of the great city built by the Lamanites?
 A.—Jerusalem.
 Q.—Who had assisted in building this city?
 A.—The Amalekites and Amulonites.
 Q.—Who were the most hard-hearted of these people?
 A.—The Amalekites and the Amulonites were more wicked than the Lamanites.
 Q.—Where did Aaron first begin to preach?
 A.—In the synagogues of the Amalekites in the city of Jerusalem.
 Q.—As Aaron was preaching on a certain occasion what happened?
 A.—An Amalekite rose to dispute with him.
 Q.—When he began to explain the Scriptures to the people what did they do?
 A.—They mocked him.
 Q.—When he perceived the hardness of their hearts what did he do?
 A.—He left the city.
 Q.—Where did he next go?
 A.—To the village of Ani-Anti.
 Q.—Whom did he meet there?
 A.—Muloki, and Ammah and his brethren.
 Q.—When they saw the wickedness of the people there, what did they do?
 A.—They left and went to the land of Middoni.
 Q.—What success attended their efforts to preach the truth in that land?
 A.—They preached to many and a few believed them.
 Q.—What was done to Aaron and a number of his brethren?
 A.—They were cast into prison.
 Q.—What did the rest of them do?
 A.—They fled out of the land.
 Q.—When those who were imprisoned were liberated by Ammon and Lamoni where did they go?
 A.—They preached in every synagogue or assembly where they were admitted.
 Q.—What success did they have?
 A.—The Lord brought many to a knowledge of the truth and many repented.
 Q.—After Ammon had released his brethren where did he and Lamoni go?
 A.—They returned to the land of Israel.
 Q.—What did Lamoni do after his return?
 A.—He caused a synagogue to be built.

PLEURS.

THE following account of the comparatively unheard of, overwhelmed city of Pleurs, from a seventy-year old book on the destruction of Alpine villages, in the public library at Zurich, and from a visit to the place where Pleurs stood, is sent to the *Chicago Tribune* by Mr. Alpha Child, now in Italy:

In a charming situation on the River Maira, a few miles before it flows into Lake Como, and but little distance South of the Swiss border by the Splugen Pass, lies the city of Chiavenna. An hour's walk from there toward the Pass of Maloggia, eastward, up the beautiful bank of the Maira, brings one to a place where a greater number of human beings were once buried alive by avalanche than anywhere else known in the world. Even in Pompeii, as is supposed, less than a thousand people were overtaken by the fiery deluge from Vesuvius. But here three times that number were overwhelmed, with all their signs of life and civilization. And all were buried forever. There has never been any excavation at this place.

Pleurs was the name of a place where from 2,500 to 3,000 prosperous and happy people lived. It was one of the gayest, richest, most pleasure-loving little cities of Lombardy. Hanging above it was a mountain 4,000 feet high; not very high for that region, but high enough, and very much too steep for the stuff it was made of. It was called Mount Conte: the half of it which still standing, with one side abrupt and perpendicular, is still known by the same name. On the night of the 4th of September, 1613, it split in two from base to apex, and the half of it that you don't see lies a wide-spread grave-mound, over the deeply buried little city.

This tremendous and terrible avalanche was so instantaneous, it closed in the extreme outside houses so entirely, it was so complete and overwhelming, that it was impossible to discover the least vestige of Pleurs remaining. And the substance that fell upon it was a mountain-side forest, and an immense depth of broken rock and earth, so that any effort to uncover any part of it must have cost vastly more than the value of anything to be found, as nothing could have been found but houses splintered flat to the streets, and about three thousand mashed corpses.

The unfailing restorative powers and all-veiling gentleness of nature have caused soil to accumulate upon, and vegetation to cover, both the deep cleft side of the half-mountain that stands and the half that lies prostrate. A straggling forest of chestnut trees, in the more earthy places, cover the site, with clumps of wortleberry bushes among the rocks; yet the vastness and manner of the ruin are plainly distinguishable. Enormous, singular blocks of rock broken by the fall, some sixty feet thick, are heaped in the most frightful confusion. Here and there a hut is seen, where some one subsists over this unmarked graveyard, and a forlorn looking chapel stands at one side. Below, the valley is wooded without sign of habitation—perhaps because another suspiciously-steep mountain is there; but, a mile or two beyond that, are farms. Other mountains twice as high as these, 6,000 or 7000 feet, arise on either side, behind, in picturesque peaks and outlines; and on the opposite side of the Maira is one of the most beautiful cascades in the world, entirely unheard of in books or in travel, for aught I know; it falls over a succession of ledges in four broad, thin sheets each 60 to 100 feet wide, and about as deep. The valley is banked up by a snowy range at the north. Such was the landscape to the eyes of the people of Pleurs, except the first part of it—and such it is, first part and all, to the few

who have heard of Pleurs, and turn aside an hour or two from going down into Italy from the Splugen Pass, to stand upon the melancholy scene—the vast grave of 3,000 people. It was called Pleurs, or “the town of tears,” because, strange to think of, it was situated upon the broad, earthy tomb of another village, which had itself been overwhelmed by a like catastrophe! But that was many hundred years earlier, and I am told there are no remaining accounts of it; only the bare fact is known, and the record borne by the name of the town that succeeded it. Yet the mountain from which that ancient avalanche slid away displays the ruin wrought upon it more distinctly than Mount Conte, which overwhelmed Pleurs. Instead of leaving generally a surface of earth, which could become converted into soil and spring into vegetation, as on Mount Conte, this mountain on the other side was of remarkable different formation. Its steep, towering wall is a mass of broken flaky rock, in thin, horizontal layers. This gives its vast broken front a comparatively fresh appearance as viewed from the other, and the visitor would suppose that the avalanche came from that side; but the fact is clearly known to the contrary.

It seems singular that in those old times—the beginning of the seventeenth century—rich gentlemen and nobles, fashionable people and successful merchants, should have had the same way we have of going with their families to summer resorts. But the old Romans, we know, had their country villas; Cicero speaks of retiring to his suburban abode—to his “books, and tablets, and literary leisure;” and perhaps we have very little that is new in our ways of life. But well recorded circumstances relative to Pleurs show that on that 4th of September, 1613, there were a few hundred more people in town than the resident population, and they were summer-visitors. A party of these, residents of Milan, had gone down Chiavenna two or three days before, on account of excessively stormy weather, intending to return to Milan if it continued. But the 4th of September was a clear charming day, giving promise of prolonged pleasant weather, and they set out in the afternoon to go back to Pleurs. On approaching the town, they were alarmed at seeing several slides of gravel and rocks to the rear of it, and finding that some of the vineyards had been buried from the same cause. Fearing a general avalanche, most of them returned to Chiavenna, but some kept on. There were also herdsmen of the valley, living on the high pastures of the mountains to the rear attending the cattle, as they do to this day in the summer season. Some of them started to come down to the town the same afternoon to dispose of dairy-produce that had accumulated, but, on approaching it, hastened away, having seen strange movements taking place, and alarming symptoms of some great convulsion. From such sources the premonitory movements toward the catastrophe became afterwards known—a catastrophe that spread mourning to the region around, and horror throughout Northern Italy.

Excessively wet weather had prevailed several days. On the 2d and 3d of September the rain came down as a deluge. During the night of the third it cleared up; the sun arose brightly, and the town awoke to its busy occupations and joyous modes of life. During that afternoon new fissures were seen forming in Mount Conte, and an internal cracking noise was heard. But all this was out from the town, on the short plain that lay between it and the foot of the mountain. A peasant, digging in the garden there, noticed that garden and hut were moving slowly out from the mountain, and that springs of water had all at once ceased to flow; and it occurred

to him that it was about time to leave. But it is impossible that any unusual cause for alarm could have been much known in Pleurs. A little after sundown, which was bright and glorious, the pine forest of the mountain absolutely reeled; birds flew screaming away; the cattle grazing between the town and the mountain were seized with terror, probably feeling the ground tremble beneath them, and stampeded, bellowing, out of the valley.

These dread warnings of some mighty convulsion became so extraordinary, it is probable that consternation and movements for escape became prevalent in the town when night set in; but of this nothing was ever known. Perhaps they were engaged in revels for the night; for they were a sprightly, volatile community. Perhaps this time they laughed till they cried; and there was another good reason for calling the place Pleurs. Perhaps they still felt as happy and secure as the inhabitants of Pompeii when Vesuvius burst out upon them; undoubtedly they were much more innocent. But just then the lid of their vast sepulchre fell.

Half of Mount Conte, straight up, three-fourths of a mile high, came down. A crash, a shudder, a roar, felt and heard afar over the country, and then a solemn stillness all night. In the morning, a cloud of dust or vapor hung over the valley, and at Chiavenna the people wondered what had become of their river; for, from there up, the bed of the Maira was dry. The mountain had fallen across the valley, forming an immense reservoir for the stream to fill before it might flow on, and the little city of Pleurs, with the village of Celano, had wholly disappeared forever.

Great numbers of laborers were collected some time afterwards, and attempts at excavation were made; but the tremendous masses of rock that lay wedged and heaped to the depth of 300 to 400 feet, baffled all appliances for removal. There was a very old stone cathedral in Pleurs, not large, but rich in plate and sacred ornaments. There are also two or three nobles' palaces, and it was altogether a rich and noble town. Skilled engineers and miners came and "prospected" for recovering the treasure; but abandoned it, finding it must cost immensely more to get at them than they could possibly be worth. Perhaps, with our improved mechanism for such works, a stock company will some day be formed for the recovery of the Pleurs treasures, and its shares go up to 150, and get all sold out, and then nothing ever be done about it; not unless you are able to find out something more than I could at Chiavenna about what was in that cathedral and those palaces. But there, in some form or another, it all lies; cathedral, communion-service, candle-sticks, cattle, merchandise, products of mechanism and art, jewels, nobles, peasants, merchants, ladies, babes, hovels, villas.

HOW TO CLIMB TREES.—Somebody who probably knows, says: in South America even the weakest may be not uncommonly seen plucking the fruit at the very tree top. If the bark is so smooth and slippery that they can not climb they use other means. They make a hoop of wild vines, and putting their feet inside they use it as a support in climbing. The negro of the west coast of Africa makes a large hoop around the trees, and gets inside of it and jerks it up the trunk with his hands a little at a time, drawing his legs up after him. The Tahitian boys tie their feet together, four or five inches apart with a piece of palm bark, and with the aid of this tether go up the cocoa palms to gather nuts. The native women in Australia climb the gum tree after opossums. Where the bark is rough they chop holes with a hatchet; then one throws about

the tree a rope twice as long as will go around it, puts her hatchet on her chopped head, and placing her feet against the tree and grasping the rope with her hands, she hitches it up by jerks, and pulls herself up the enormous tree almost as fast as a man can climb a ladder.

Selected Poetry.

YES AND NO.

My dear little children,
I think I may guess
That you have learned early
The way to say yes.
Now that is a good word,
Kept strictly for use,
But bad as it can be
To lie about loose!
All sorts of disasters
Behind it will press,
So be careful, my little ones,
How you say yes!

And there is another word
That you can spell,
I'll dare say, but may be
Can't use very well.
It will keep you from debt,
And will keep you from drink,
And will help you to stand
When you are ready to sink
My lad, have it ready
Whenever you go,
And in time of need, speak it
Out manfully, No!

CHARADE.

BY J. B. BEAN.

I AM composed of 12 letters:

My 2, 10, 12 is good to eat;
My 4, 2, 4, 4, 2, 6, is a seasoning;
My 4, 7, 9, 6, is a good fruit;
My 10, 2, 11, 6, 12, 7, is the name of a male person;
My 9, 3, 11, 11, 6, is a river in Asia;
My 6, 11, 1, 7, is a name of a town in the Middle States;
My 5, 9, 8, is a good meat;
My whole is a lake in the United States.

It is more noble to make yourself great than to be born so.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is Published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,
EVERY OTHER SATURDAY.

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

TERMS IN ADVANCE

Single Copy, per Annum — — \$2 00.

Office, South Temple Street, one block west of Tabernacle,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

All Communications to this Office should be directed,
"EDITOR JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR."